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THE LUMBER LANDSLIDE
by
Palmer Thompson

CAST

MARK TRAIL
JOHNNY MALOTTE
BIG OLA
STEVE CARTER
DUNHAM
BRAD FARRELL

NARRATOR: In Northern Idaho, above the rim of the Snake River Canyon, and below the Canadian border is one of the finest stands of Virgin Timber in the country. Mark Trail, has been asked by the Department of the Interior to survey it and estimate its potential yield as a source for making newsprint for papers. Mark has almost completed~~s~~ the surveyal and now with Johnny Malotte he is riding off the goevernement owned timberland heading for one of the small logging towns in that area.

(HORSE'S HOOVES, WALKING)

JOHNNY: (LONG SIGH) Hah!

MARK: What's that for, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Nothing. Just, hah.

MARK: Tired?

JOHNNY: Leetle beet. You sit in the ~~saddle~~ so long she's not good for where you sit.

MARK: I can feel what you mean.

JOHNNY: What you say, we walk for a while? Geeve the horses a rest too.

MARK: Okay, by me, Johnny.

(THEY DISMOUNT)

JOHNNY: Ah, thees feels much bettair.

(FOOTSTEPS)

(HOOFBEATS WALKING)

MARK: Mn...hadn't realized how cramped I was.

JOHNNY: You know, Mark. You walk through thees forest is really shame.

MARK: What is?

JOHNNY: When you theenk so many of theese trees be chopped down just to make newspaper.

MARK: World's got to have news, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Thee kind of news you read today is bettair they don't have eet.

(WAY OFF SOUND OF TREE CHOPPING)

MARK: No arguement there, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Hey, leesten.

(OFF, CHOPPING IN SLLEAR)

MARK: I hear. Some lumberjack felling a treet

JOHNNY: Afn't thees governement land?

MARK: No, we're off it. This is private property.

(CHOPPING CLOSER)

JOHNNY: Oh. Look, there he is, you see him through those trees.

MARK: Right on our way.

JOHNNY: Hey, that feller handle axe nice. He's good lumberman.

MARK: Yeah. Not a wasted stroke.

JOHNNY: He's good enough even to work in Canada where Johnny Malott we come from.

(CHOPPING MUCH CLOSER)

MARK: That's high praise from you Johnny.

JOHNNY: Beeg feller to. (UP) 'Allo.

(CHOPPING STOPS)

(FOOTSTEPS AND HOOFBEAT CONTINUE)

JOHNNY: 'allo, feller we see.....By gar! I don't believe it.

OLA: (SLIGHTLY OFF) By jevil! It ain't so.

MARK: Well for crying out loud!

JOHNNY: Sacre bleu! Ees impossible.

OLA: Johnny Malotte!

JOHNNY: Big Ola!

OLA: You clumsy Canuck.

JOHNNY: You nutheaded Norwegian.

OLA: And Mark Trail. Byjevil! Aye be glad to see you.

MARK: I'm glad to Ola, and surprised. Right, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Ees no surprise to me.

OLA: Aye?

JOHNNY: Don't I say eet when I see heem swing axe, Mark.

MARK: What?

JOHNNY: I say ees only one feller can be so clumsy weeth axe.
Ees only one feller can be such bad lumberjack....

MARK: Now, Johnny, you didn't.....

JOHNNY: An' thas' Beeg Ola. Thas' just what I say.

OLA: Byjevil! Aye bet you aye could...

MARK: All right, all right. At least say hello to each other before you start fighting.

OLA: Aye say more than hello, Mark. Aye say you answer to my prayer.

MARK: What?

OLA: Thrse, four times aye vas going to have my boss Steve Carter send you letter to come. Ve got trouble here and....

JOHNNY: Eef eess trouble Johnny Malotte he help you. Eet won't be the first time I pull you out of hole.

OLA: Byjevil, Johnny. You as vindy as# ever. Aye catch cold from the hot air vot come out of your mouth.

JOHNNY: Hot air! Sacre bleu, I.....

OLA: Besides aye vas talking to Mark, not you.

JOHNNY: Leesten you.....

MARK: Johnny, our horses are wandering off. Go get them back, because I want to hear what Ola has to say and I never will with you around to interrupt.

JOHNNY: Mark.....

MARK: The horses, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Sacre bleu! All right. I got
(FOOTSTEPS FADE OFF)

OLA: (UP) And don't get lost, Johnny. This is big Forest, not little woods like you used to.

MARK: Ola!

OLA: Sorry, Mark. Aye can't help it. Aye yust got to make crash every time aye see Johnny.
(WAY OFF SOUND OF CHOPPING)

MARK: Well now forget the carecks and give with the facts. What's this trouble you mentioned?

OLA: My boss Steve Carter. Got hard contract to fill. Can't get lumberjack to work.

MARK: Why not? I though there was plenty of help in this part of the country.

OLA: Most of them been hired by feller named Dunham who iss trying to get this land from Carter.

MARK: Oh?

OLA: Dis feller Dunham iss bad actor.

MARK: You mean if Carter can't fulfill his contract he forfeits his land?

OLA: Dat's right, except he ain't.....

JOHNNY: (WAY OFF) Hey, Mark.

MARK: (UP) Johnny, I told you to get.....
OLA: Look, Mark. He can't move. Something's got him.
JOHNNY: (OFF) My foot! Sacre bleu. She's caught in
tree root.
OLA: (UP) Well by gooly. Dat's something. You've be
von fine lumberyack.
MARK: All right, Ola. It could happen to anyone. We'll
be right there to help you.
OLA: Diss aye love. Aye never let him forget it you
bet you, aye goin' to call him.....
STEVE: (WAY OFF MIKE) Timber!

(SOUND CRACKING OF TREE TRUNK)

MARK: Who's.....
OLA: My boss, Carter. Good lumber yack he.....
MARK: Look, Ola!
OLA: By yevel, taht tree. She fall right wher Johnny be.
JOHNNY: (OFF) Mark! Help! Quick!
MARK: Come on, Ola! Fast!

(TREE FALLING)

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

MUSIC: WIPE TO SEMI CURTAIN

NARRATOR: Johnny Malotte trapped in the path of a falling
giant of the forest. Will Mark and Ola reach him
in time to save him? We'll learn when we return to
Mark Trail, but first.....(COMMERCIAL)

NARRATOR: Now back to Mark Trail. Mark and Johnny Malotte surveying the forests of Northern Idaho for the Department of the Interior have run into an old friend of theirs, Big Ola. Big Ola overjoyed to see them starts to tell Mark about some trouble in the lumber camp he is working at, while Johnny went off to round up the horses he and Mark had been ~~#~~ riding. A sudden cry from Johnny interrupted Big Ola. He and Mark turned to see Johnny, his foot caught in a tree root, directly in the path of a falling tree.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

(FALLING TREE)

OLA: By jevil, Mark! Ve never reach him in time.

MARK: Don't waste breath!

JOHNNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) No, Mark! Don't come! Stay back, you.....!

OLA: Ve can't.....

MARK: Here goes four years of football!

OLA: By jevil! A flying tackle.

(HARD~~#~~ IMPACT OF BODIES)

(TREMENDOUS TREE CRASH)

(MOMENTS SILENCE)

OLA: Mark! Johnny! Say something! Mark!

(CLIMB OVER TREE TRUNK)

OLA: Mark, are you....

MARK: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I think we're in one piece, Ola.

OLA: Johnny, is he....

JOHNNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I am practically dead.

OLA: I never see nothing like that.

MARK: (CONTINUED) chances on it.

OLA: Aye round up you horses so, Tanglefoot don't have to walk and get in more trouble.

JOHNNY: Sacré bleu! Eef he say that word once more.....

MARK: Simmer down, Johnny. Speaking of trouble Mr. Carter. Ola tells me you've got some.

STEVE: More than I want.

MARK: Well after we get Johnny fixed up I'd like to hear about it. Who knows, we might be able to help you.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

STEVE: (DIP IN) And that's the## picture, Mr. Trail. If I don't fill this logging contract on time I forfeit ten thousand dollars. And to raise that kind of money I'd have to sell this land.

MARK: And you can't get enough help to do the job?

STEVE: No, Dunham, the man who wants this place has either hired or scared half the lumberjacks in the county.

MARK: Nice fellow.

STEVE: He plays rough, and I'M afraid.....

(OFF KNOCK ON DOOR)

STEVE: Probably, Ola. Com in.

(OFF DOOR OPENS)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

STEVE: Dunham.

DUNHAM: (FADE ON) Hello, Carter.

STEVE: What are you doing here.

DUNHAM: I cam to talk a deal with you.

STEVE: You and I got nothing to make a deal about.

DUNHAM: Get smart, Carter. You'll never fulfill that contract. You haven't got enough men to do it

MARK: (SLIGHK OFF) Give Johnny a hand, Ola.

OLA: Sure. Vat a tackle, Mark. You yump amd fly almost five feet before you hit Johnny.

JOHNNY: An he Meet me lak tom of bricks.

OLA: If he don't, dat roo hold you foot and you be under dat tree right now.

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

STEVE: (FADING ON) Ola!# What happened, I saw a man.....

OLA: Is all right, Mr. Carter. Vas no von hurt.

STEVE: Thank heaven.

OLA: Mark, diss is, Mr. Carter. Man I work for. Dis is Mark Trail.

STEVE: How do you do?

MARK: Pleased to meet you, Mr. Carter.

OLA: And dis is Johnny, I think ve should call him tangle foot, Malotte.

JOHNNY: Tangle foot! I nevair see that root before.....

OLA: Sure, ve know Johnny. You yust ain't used to being in woods.

JOHNNY: By gar, I theenk I break you.....

MARK: I think both of you should break it off. This is a running battle, Mr. Carter.

STEVE: From all Ola has told me about you two, I gathered that he thought Johnny Malotte was the greatest....

OLA: Is better ve don't talk here. Maybe something is wrong vit tanglefoot's ankle.

STEVE: Oh, of course. Won't you both come back to the camp I'd like to have Mr. Malotte's ankle looked at in our infirmery.

MARK: Thank you, Mr. Carter. Be best not to take any

DUNHAM: (CONTINUED) and you can't hire another man for love or money.

MARK: He's just hired two men.

DUNHAM: Who are you?

MARK: Trail's the name. Mark Trail.

DUNHAM: Get him out of here, Carter. My business is with you.

STEVE: That's your opinion not mine.

DUNHAM: Look, Carter. You're going to have to sell. Sell to me now and I'll give you a couple of thousand as a bonus, wait and you'll lose out on everything.

STEVE: I'll take my chances.

DUNHAM: You've already had it. This is the last time I'll offer you a deal.

STEVE: Can I count on that?

DUNHAM: You can.

STEVE: Swell. Then get off my land and stay off it. I don't want to see you back here again.

DUNHAM: Okay Carter.

(FOOTSTEPS)

DUNHAM: (LIGHTLY OFF) But you'll see me back here when I own the place. Then we'll see who gets thrown off.

(DOOR SLAM)

MARK: Nice tempered man.

STEVE: Isn't he. Did you mean what you said, Mr. Trail? About being willing to work here.

MARK: I did, Mr. Carter. And if Johnny's ankles all right you've got another hand to help you. Let's go over to the infirmary and see how he and Big Ola are doing.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

JOHNNY: Leetle tape fix up the ankle. She's good like new, Mark.

MARK: Good enough to do some real timbering Johnny?

JOHNNY: You bet.

OLA: We can alvays give him easy job, Mark.

JOHNNY: By gar, Ola. I'm bettair lumberjack with one foot than you be with four foot.

OLA: He's all right. Miss vind machine iss working again.

MARK: You're both in form. One thing Steve.

STEVE: Yes, Mark?

MARK: When we start working don't put those two togehhher as a team. They'll be too busy fighting to do any felling of trees.

STEVE: I figured you and Johnny could work as a team. I've got another good man, Brad Farrel to team up with Ola.

OLA: That's good idea, Mr. Carter. Then Mark can carry the load wen tanglefoot get tired, and....

JOHNNY: Sacre bleu! Thees oes too much. Mark you know I lak to work weeth you, but I don't geeve thees.... thees.....foreigner chance to say theeng like taht about Johnny Malotte.

OLA: Foreggner? By jevil you don't even speak English.

MARK: All right, all right you two....

JOHNNY: Mr. Carter, look. I work weeth thees Farrell fellow you talk about.

STEVE: Well....

MARK: It's all right with me, Mr. Carter. Anything to keep

MARK: (CONTINUED) these two quiet.

OLA: Aye like that. You and me Mark, we show this tanglefoot how lumber jack really work. We cut five trees to their von.

JOHNNY: Mark, I don't lak to be feller what beat you. But for once you are going to be on losing side when you work weeth thees big Norwegian

MARK: Better not talk so much, Johnny. You don't know how good this Farrel you'll be working with is.

STEVE: He's a real good man.

JOHNNY: Good or bad mak no difference. At least he don't hold me back. You got Big Ola and that's no help, than's handicap....

OLA: Why you canuck aye....

MARK: All right, boys. Break it upp. Can the conversation. Letts all roll# into the sack and tomorrow we'll start settling this argument not with words, but with action.

MUSIC: - BRIDGE-

(SAWING TREE)

(SAWING STOPS)

MARK: I think she's about ready to go, Ola.

OLA: Aye think you right, Mark. Couple of more cuts.

MARK: Right.

(SAWING STARTS)

(TREE STARTS TO CREEK)

MARK: That's it, Ola. Let's grab the saw and jump.

OLA: Okay, Mark.

(JUMP TO GROUND)

(TREE CREAKS MORE)

MARK: Timber!

(TREE CRASHES TO GROUND)

OLA: (UP) Hey, Johnny. How you like that? First blood for us.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(TREE CHOPPING)

JOHNNY: Come on, Farrel. What you stop for?

FARREL: Take it easy, Malotte.

JOHNNY: Easy. Mark and Ola are ahead of us by one tree already.

FARREL: Well let aguy wipe the sweat out of his eyes.

JOHNNY: She's good for you. Mak you see bettair. Come on, Start chopping.

(TREE CHOPPING)

MUSIC: WIPE

(BIG TREE CRASH)

OLA: (UP) Anodder von, Johnny. Vat's holding you back You got you foot caught in root?

MUSIC: WIPE

(BIG TREE CRASH)

JOHNNY: (UP) You lak that one Ola. She's got more board feet than three trees you fell.

MUSIC: STING AND OUT

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DUNHAM: Come in! #

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

DUNAHM: Farrel.

DUNHILL: Hello, Dunham.

DUNHAM: I sent word for you to be here last night.

FARREL: Last night, I was sleeping.

DUNHAM: You're not on my payroll to sleep.

FARRELL: You try keeping up with that Canuck and that squarehead and see if you don't need some sleep.

DUNHAM: Keep up with them? You're supposed to see that Carter doesn't fill that contract, not help him do it.

FARRELL: Look, I've been doggling it as much as I can without making them suspicious.

DUNHAM: Well, what.....

FARRELL: But that Frenchman works like three ordinary guys. You can't slow him down.

DUNHAM: You think, Carter will make the contract.

FARRELL: Unless something happens he will.

DUNHAM: You're sure?

FARREL: He's got about a hundred thousand board feet of logs stacked now waiting to go down the sluice to the river.

DUNHAM: A hundred thousand feet.

FARRELL: And at the rate they're going they'll double that in no time. Carter got two prizes when Malotte and Grail threw in with him.

DUNHAM: A hundred thousand feet stacked.

FARRELL: I said it once.

DUNHAM: Where's it stacked?

FARREL: At the head of the sluice. They're going to run water into it tomorrow morning and start rolling the

FARRELL: (CONTINUED) Tags into the chute for the trip down to the river.

DUNHAM: Rolling logs.

FARRELL: You getting ideas?

DUNHAM: That stack of logs, it's piled on the side of the hill where the chute starts, isn't it.

FARRELL: Sure, you know the lay out as well as I do.

DUNHAM: Suppose something should start those logs rolling. The whole stack, down the side of the hill.

FARRELL: Then I'd say, Carter would be in the soup.

DUNHAM: Which is exactly where I want him.

FARRELL: And how are you going to put him there?

DUNHAM: You're going to do it, Farrell. With a few well placed sticks of dynamite.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(SAWING OF TREE)

(SAWING STOPS)

JOHNNY: Saore bleu. Es hard for one man to use two man saw. I guess Johnny Malotte he better take little rest.

(NIGHT NOISES)

(OFF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS THROUGH
UNDERBRUSH)

JOHNNY: What.....

(FOOTSTEPS RUN ON)

OLA: (FADING ON) By jevil, Johnny. Aye catch you.

JOHNNY: Olay

OLA: Smart feller, ain't you.

- JOHNNY: What you een doing out here. You supposed to be sleep.
- OLA: By golly, aye be asleep if you don't wake me.
- JOHNNY: Now, Ola.....
- OLA: But aye here wen you get upp. Aye see you sneak out door, and aye say to myself, wat dat canuck he do.
- JOHNNY: Ola I theenk een better you.....
- OLA: So aye follow you....and aye see you big cheather. Saw tree in the middle of the night.
- JOHNNY: Thas' a lie. Ees almost morning.
- OLA: Can't beat me and Mark on regluar working time so you try some overtime.
- JOHNNY: That Farrell fellow. He slow me up.
- OLA: Iss other way around, aye bet you.
- JOHNNY: Ola, I.....
- OLA: Well wat you going to do now? Stay here, den I stay and saw to. You don't get no head start on me.
- JOHNNY: All right. Then we go back to camp, sleep.
- OLA: That's smart. Come on.
- JOHNNY: I cathe up weeth you.
- OLA: Oh no. We go togehter. Aye make sure you don't even swing axe von time more.
- JOHNNY: Ola, you are one stubborn, squarehead. Come on let's go.
- MUSIC: BRIDGE
- (FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)
- OLA: Aye give you credit, Johnny. You try anything to vin.

JOHNNY: Than' cause you hard man to beat.

OLA: Get up #### So early and....

JOHNNY: Hey, look Ola. Some one else he get up early.

OLA: What?

JOHNNY: Look, down there. Below the log stack, ees feller.

OLA: Aye see. Vat ees he doing?

JOHNNY: Look like he dig little hole near bottom log.

OLA: Aye don't like thiss, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Come on, Ola. We sneak up on heem. See what he do.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE -

(OFF DIRT BEING TAMPED DOWN)

(FOOTSTEPS UNDER)

JOHNNY: Look, he's bury something.

OLA: It's dat feller you work with, Farrell.

JOHNNY: Yes. I theenk maybe we ask heem.....

(SHARP CRACK OF STICK)

JOHNNY: Sacre bleu!

OLA: He hear that. (UP) Farrell.

JOHNNY: Look, he run.

(OFF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

OLA: Aye don't like this, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Come on. Let's get heem.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON)

MUSIC: - - WIPE -

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

OLA: Johnny, he's cutting down the side of the hill.

JOHNNY: I go# thees way. Out heem off.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

OLA: Stop, Farrel!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

(HOLD)

JOHNNY: (OFF) I got heem headhd off Ola.

OLA: Good work, Johnny.

JOHNNY: (OFF) Look, out. He'd coming for you.

FARREL: (FADED ON) Get out of my, Way Squarehead!

OLA: No aye don't.

(TERRIFIC SOCK ON JAW)

FARRELL: (REACT)

(BODY FALL)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

JOHNNY: Nice punch, Ola.

OLA: All right, Farrel. Get up.

JOHNNY: He's out cold.

OLA: By yevel, aye hit him too hard. Thas trouble wit
me, aye don't know may own strenght.

JOHNNY: Hees just unconscious, don't worry, that....

OLA: It's yust we don't find out vat he burry.

JOHNNY: Come on. We pick heem up and carry heem back to
camp. We find out there.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

STEVE: I can't understand it, Mark. Where can they be.

MARK: Probably out in the forest somewhere arguing.

STEVE: Well they certainly started early enough.

MARK: It's never to early for Johnny and Ola to fight.

STEVE: Hope they show up soon. I'd like to get those
logs rolling down the chute.

MARK: Well there's no point in waiting for them.

We may as well get started on the job.

STEVE: Okay, Mark. I'll start sluicing water into the chute while you get the spillway ready to take the first of the logs.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS)

JOHNNY: Thees feller Farrell ees no lightwicht.

OLA: You right, Johnny. Aye wish he come to so he can do some walking himself.

JOHNNY: That was one beeg punch you geeve heem.

OLA: Well aye....hey....look up there by the log stack. Mark and Mr. Carter. Dey already start working.

JOHNNY: I see. (UP) Hey, Mark.

OLA: He hear you.

JOHNNY: Wonder what he theenk about thees feller we carry.

OLA: Let's cut up the side of the hill, Johnny. It's steeper but shorter.

JOHNNY: Okay.

FARRELL: (GROAN)

JOHNNY: He's coming to Ola.

FARREL: What where.....

JOHNNY: How you head feel, Farrel.

FARREL: My jaw. What hit.....hey! Where are you carrying me?

OLA: Back to camp, you.....

FARREL: That log stack. It's right up ahead of us.

JOHNNY: Sure, you...

FARRELL: Let me go....

OLA: Oh, no....

FARREEL: You crazy, foools, we've got to get out of here.

JOHNNY: Oh, no you.....

FARRELL: Dynamite. There's a charge of dynamite under that log. It'll blow up and come rolling down on us anyminute.

OLA: Dynamite.

FARRLE: It's set with a time fuse. Let me go. Let me get out of here.

JOHNNY: Sacre Bleu. Hark! Mr. Carter!

OLA: Warn them. Johnny.

JOHNNY: Mark! Steve. Get away from that log stack. It's going to blow up. Dynamite!

OLA: They hear you, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Less get out of here.

OLA: Look, Johnny. They jumped off the stack.

JOHNNY: But they're still standing. Mark. Run. Fast! Dynamite. That stack she blow up.

OLA: Dey running, Johnny. They make.....

(OFF BIG EXPLOSION)

JOHNNY: Oh, no. Mark.

OLA: Come on Johnny. We got ~~to~~ to get out of here. Those logs crush us to pieces.

(TUMBLING LOGS DOWN THE SIDE OF HILL)

MUSIC & WHINE

NARRATOR: The log stack blown up by dynamite as Mark and Steve carter were running away from it. Did they make it in time or are they under that thundering avalanche of logs? We'll return to Mark Trail in a moment but first.....(COMMERCIAL)

NARRATOR: Now back to Mark Trail. Johnny Malotte and Big Ola learned that the log stack at the Carter LUMBERING Company had been mined with dynamite. They shouted warnings Mark Trail and Steve Carter who were working around the stack. Mark and Steve heard the warnings and started running, but before Johnny and Big Ola could see if they were safe, The dynamite blew up and Johnny and Big Ola, on the side of the hill where the stack was were forced to run themselves.

(THUNDERING AVALANCHE OF LOGS)

(AVALANCHE GRADUALLY DIES DOWN)

OLA: Yohnny, yohnny....You all right.

JOHNNY: Yes. What about Mark and Mr. Carter.

OLA: Aye don't see them up there.

JOHNNY: You theenk....

OLA: Aye don't know.....

FARRELL: No one could have.....

JOHNNY: Shut up you.

OLA: Come on Yohnny. Let's go up and see if we can find them.

JOHNNY: What anout thees one.

OLA: Aye feex it so ve don't have to drag him along

FARREL: What are you going to.....

(BLOW ON JAW)

(BODY FALL)

OLA: There. Dat's not nice theeng to do but ees best way to keep heem on ice. Come on, Johnny.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS)

JOHNNY: You see them, Ola.
OLA: Aym' afraid that.....

MARK: (OFF) Well, so you two finally showed up.

OLA: What....

JOHNNY: Mark.....Where....

MARK: (OFF) Over here under this rock ledge.

JOHNNY: Come on, Ola

(FOOTSTEPS)

OLA: You all right. Mr. Caster is he....

STEVE: I'm okay, Ola.

MARK: Just get this log out from in front of us so
that we can get out of this crevice.

JOHNNY: Sure, Come on, Ola.

(BREAKING OF LOG)

(LOG DROPPED TO GROUND)

OLA: By yevil, you both all right.

JOHNNY: Not even one little scratch.

STEVE: Thanks to Mark. When he saw how excited you two
were, he grabbed me# to stop me from running.
and pulled me under this rock ledge.

MARK: I figured if log stack was going to start rolling
we be safer under this ledge than trying to run
away from it.

STEVE: And he was right, the way those logs rolled over
us I'm glad we weren't out there in the open.

MARK: But who did it, what's this all about.

JOHNNY: We got feller dwon there who can tell us.

OLA: And if he don't want to, well I think me and
Johnny can persuade him to change his mind

JOHNNY: By gar. He talk. We see to that.

MARK: Let's go~~s~~ them.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

DUNHAM: Who....

MARK: Hello, Mr. Dunham.

DUNHAM: What do you three want?

OLA: We want to talk to you.

JOHNNY: Thas' all.

MARK: About Steve Carter's place.

DUNHAM: Why doesn't Carter come himself.

JOHNNY: Because he's busy delivering Marrell to the sherriff.

DUNHAM: Farrel?

MARK: That's right, Mr. Dunham. He's confessed to dynamiting the Carter log stock, and implicated you.

DUNHAM: What are you talking about.

MARK: That you're facing criminal and civil charges. You're going to pay for the damage you done as well as spend some time in prison.

DUNHAM: That's what you think.

JOHNNY: He got gun, Mark.

MARK: Don't be foolish, Dunham.

DUNHAM: Stay back, I'm going to.

OLA: Get him, Johnny!

DUNHAM: You won't.....

JOHNNY: Johnny, don't be crazy!

OLA: I got hee's gun arm Johnny.

DUNHAM: Let go you, I'll.....

(SOCK ON JAW)

DUNHAM: (REACT)

(BODY FALL)

JOHNNY: Sorry, Mark. I swing first.

MARK: You might have been killed.

JOHNNY: Not when Ola hold the hand. He got grip like bear.

OLA: And you got punch like gorrila. He's out cold.

JOHNNY: I bet you he stay unconscious for longer than you knock out that farrel fellow.

OLA: I bet he don't.

MARK: Look, you two.....

JOHNNY: We see. We get watch and time heem

OLAY: Okay.

MARK: For crying out loud.

JOHNNY: She don't count shen he move. Only count when the eyse open.

OLA: All right, I start timing now.

MARK: Well of all the....

JOHNNY: Bet just take ten or fifteen minutes, Mark.

MARK: I give up. When you two wild men are done with him at least have the courtesy to bring him where he's wanted. The sherriffs office.

MUSICI -- CURTAIN